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PUCK



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS—TILL THEY MELT!



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Cartoons and Comments

THE PARCELS POST AT LAST.

UNCLE SAM'S New Year present to himself and family is the Parcels Post. It goes in operation to-day. To those who seriously fear that it will prove the means of starting the country on the road to ruin,—and pessimistic resolutions to that effect have actually been passed in some quarters,—we would speak a few words of cheer. The steam locomotive was also certain to prove the undoing of the country—once. Resolutions were adopted in which its coming was strongly disapproved. The locomotive, so it was said, would supersede the horse, and thus—oh, paralyzing thought!—destroy the market for oats! Incidentally, it would drive the stage-coach out of business, and possibly the drover. Nothing but gloom was in store for the rash nation that encouraged such a thing as a railroad. And yet as a nation we are still here, and doing fairly well. The locomotive is in our midst, but the horse is far from prehistoric, and there is still a good market for oats. The stage-coach isn't much in demand, it is true, nor the drover, but the Pullman car offers a fair substitute for the former and the cattle-car fittingly succeeds the latter. The gentlemen who have been getting together and "viewing with alarm" the Parcels Post might find a trifle of solace and reassurance in such reflections. The Parcels Post hasn't put Great Britain in the discard as yet. Nor Germany. Nor any of the other great countries that had the temerity long ago to adopt it. And we are bold enough to believe that the United States will go right along prospering in spite of it. Already its good effect is noticeable in the offices of the big express companies, where courtesy, efficiency, and public service are being vociferously preached as never before. What it will do in the way of reducing the cost of living remains to be seen, but assuredly it provides, both for producer and consumer, a sure way of dodging the despotic middleman in the sale and purchase of many articles of food. Parcels Postscript: Much of the pessimism, much of the gloom and foreboding, have come from him.

MR. BRYAN could not keep out of the public eye if he tried. The newspapers, particularly those opposed to him, would promptly drag him back. Just now the Nebraskan shares the spot-light with the President-elect,



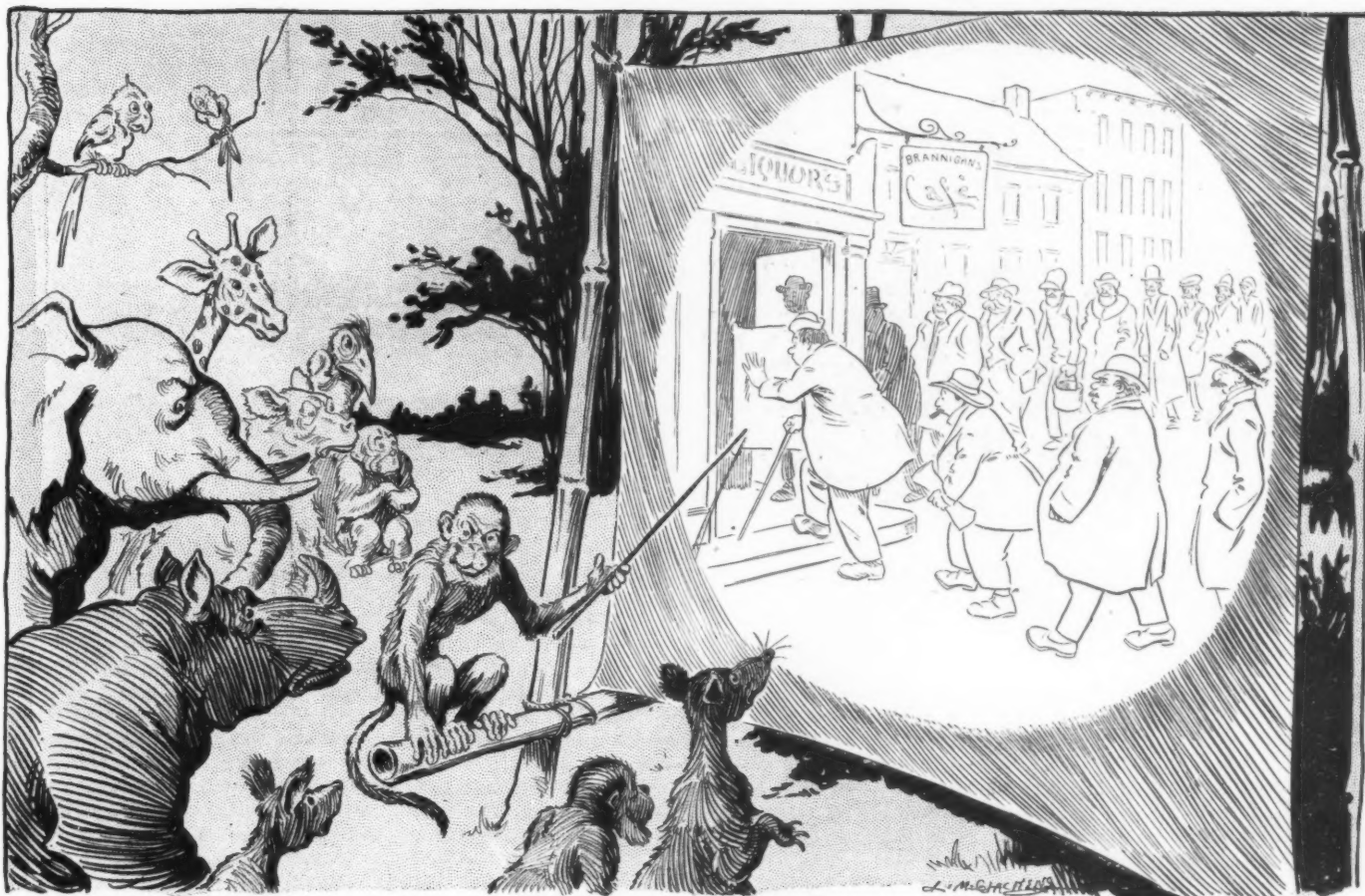
SELF-PRESERVATION.

and many of the self-appointed guardians of the national welfare are shaking their heads lest Mr. BRYAN be given a prominent place in the WILSON Cabinet. Many of the things which BRYAN advocated in the past have be-

come part and parcel of the policies of both parties in the present, yet he is still regarded by the journalistic chaperones as an improper man for Miss Democracy to know. Must BRYAN always be "dangerous"? Must he always be a "demagogue"? Must he always be "wrong" on every great public question? Is n't it at least conceivable that Mr. BRYAN's ambition is not to wreck his party and the country at large? Is n't it just possible that he might turn out to be an excellent Cabinet officer? His appointment to some post of importance would not inevitably necessitate a "panic," would it? Would n't he at least do as well in office as some of his faithful and frenzied critics?

WOODROW WILSON has decided that the President of the United States has not the time to be a hand-shaker. His determination to see only those who have business with him, and to deny himself to the hordes that come simply to "pay their respects," is revolutionary but commendable. Why should the President be part of every "Seeing-Washington" itinerary? Why should he see every TOM, DICK, and HARRY, just because TOM, DICK, and HARRY wish to go home and boast that they "shook hands with the President"? The head of many a little business is hedged in with all sorts of precautions against publicity and interruption, but the head of the biggest business in the Western Hemisphere, a business in which ninety million people are vitally interested, is supposed to hold himself at the beck and call of every casual visitor. Happily, it may soon be written "was." Shake the hand-shake.

"SHOP EARLY" was the Christmas slogan of the department stores, and many of their patrons obeyed. They shopped early. They avoided the rush. They bought all their presents well in advance of the blessed day. And then what? Oh, then they saw the same articles reduced in price, halved in price in some instances, for the benefit of people who shopped late. Will any daily newspaper reprint this paragraph? You may have one guess.



MOVING PICTURES FROM THE WILDS OF AMERICA.

THE PAUL RAINEY OF THE JUNGLE (lecturing at the water-hole).—In this picture I present to you the choicest of my collection. It shows all sorts and conditions of human animals coming down to the rum-hole to drink. At considerable risk to myself I kept my picture-machine focused on this spot for nearly twenty-four hours. The clicking of the mechanism at first disturbed some of the animals, and they looked about uneasily and sniffed the air, but finally they got used to it, and went about their drinking, unsuspicious of the presence of a monkey a few yards away. In the course of a day hundreds and hundreds of these creatures come to drink at this rum-hole, but it is toward evening that they flock there in greatest numbers, etc., etc.

SOME POKER PLATITUDES.



There's no full like an ace full.
Who bluffs a hand and gets the pot may live to bluff and win it not.
One good player deceives another.
A card in time seems fine.
All is not pat that patters.
The man who laughs last stacks best.
An insignificant pair gathers no moss.
Loquacity covers a multitude of bluffs.
Discretion is the better part of poker.
A little full house is a dangerous thing.
A player is known by the chips he keeps.
To lose is devilish, to win divine.
A card in need is a card indeed.

There are just as good cards in the deck as ever were caught.
The man who holds a royal has a hand to rock the world.

There's many a gnash 'twixt the deal and the cash.
Whom the gods would destroy they first give a four-flush.

Great bluffs from little deuces grow.
Never count your chips until they're cashed.
A man may smile and smile and still be bluffing.
A chip in the stack is worth two in the pot.
An ace in the hand is worth two in the discard.
And finally, poker is a game which, were the devotees wise, folks would not play at.

Hinton Gilmore.



IF WINE, WHY NOT EGGS?

WAITER.—Is this the year Monsieur ordered?
CONNOISSEUR OF COLD-STORAGE EGGS.—Yes. Serve them, please, garçon.

DOUBLE CHANCE.

WILLIS.—My son wants to go to war.
GILLIS.—That so?
WILLIS.—Yes, in the aëro-plane corps.
GILLIS.—Great Scott, why does he want to get killed twice?

The woman who is reputed to wear the breeches never fails to get a new frock every time the fashion changes.



AN OLD TRAGEDY REVISED.

THE two young people on the balcony were ghostly figures in perfect keeping with the dark, balmy night, whose romantically-minded zephyrs wandered expectantly about the trees in the orchard below as if summer were a perfectly new discovery. They—the two young people—were both very young, and one of them at least must have been injudicious, for a rope-ladder hung from the venerable stone balustrade to the ground, dangling limp and self-effaced in the dense shadows like a diplomatic snake in an incautious Eden.

The young man, who had already passed through various stages of passionate appeal, let his arm fall by his side as if in complete despair. "It is incredible!" he exclaimed. "And am I really to understand that you will not elope with me and that you intend marrying the Count?"

"Pray do so understand" said the girl, with gentle weariness. "I am sure I have been saying nothing else for the last hour."

"And this without a word of explanation?"

"I have given you every explanation. You are too young!"

The young man made a gesture expressive of the most superb tragic wrath. "The paltriness of the excuse!" he cried. "Pray what are your own years?"

"Indeed, I sometimes think I am a little young to be married myself," she answered. "Dear me, we have been over it all twenty times now. Do take No for an answer and let me go in. It is wretchedly damp out here."

"There was a time when you recked little of the weather," he said, with bitter scorn.

The young lady sighed patiently, and drew her long white gown closer about her. A low, plaintive note came softly up to their ears from the orchard, and she started.

"There, you hear? The lark!" she whispered, rising in some agitation.

"Bah, the nightingale," he retorted. "And if I remember rightly," he added, his chest heaving again, "there was a time——"

"Never mind," said the girl, hastily. "You must not reproach me with the past. I have owned that I was wrong to flirt with you as I did. I can only ask your pardon. But I assure you that if I had thought you were taking it seriously—that you *would* take it seriously at your age——"

"Again my age! Was I not old enough to be your lover?" he broke out, in tumultuous passion. "I who have leaped your orchard wall and climbed to your balcony at the risk of my neck; I who have come to a masquerade ball in this very house, disguised as a pilgrim, when your father had forbidden me to come near the premises——"

"You need n't go on," said the girl.

"Shall I remind you what you said—how you told me that holy pilgrims must use their lips in prayer?"

"There was nothing very new in the advice," the girl murmured.

"And the night I first scaled the wall that hid you

from me, who was it called parting a sweet sorrow and asked me why my name was Montagu?"

"Now how could any one help asking such an irresistible question?" said the girl, with plaintive earnestness.

"There was no complaint then of my age. It was only my name you remarked upon."

"It—it struck me as familiar," the girl said.

Just then there was a low whistle, which seemed to come from the distant street. Both gave a start, and the girl said meaningly: "There are your friends."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, in honorable agitation.

"I assure you, no one can possibly know or suspect——"

"Not possibly?" said the girl, with a smile in which there was a tinge of sadness. "Ah, you would be surprised to know

how much every one knows. I knew, for instance, that the very day before you saw me you were desperately unhappy over—shall I mention names? Your friends were aware of that affair, at any rate. One of them is a great tease, I have understood.

You see, you stood committed to a career of flirtation, and really everything I said should have warned you that that was the attitude in which—Oh dear! I know I have behaved very badly, but when you climbed the orchard wall (it isn't so very high) and came and tore your hair in frenzy under my balcony (which I could n't help) and actually brought a rope-ladder with you—why no girl could have withstood the touching reality of such devotion. It was all irresistible together, and it was all of a piece with your twenty years."

"Twenty-one!"

"Well, then, twenty-one. I will grant you another twelve months with pleasure. But that does n't make you anything but a sadly premature candidate for family responsibilities. Why, you are no better than a boy at college."

"Madam," said the youth fiercely, "this taunt!"

"You were better at college than going to school to a woman," said the girl, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"I cannot bandy words with a teacher of that sex," he said, his lips trembling. "But perhaps I shall find the Count also willing to give me instruction, in which case——"

"A plague on both your teachers!" said the girl, beginning to smile.



WORSE.

VISITOR.—So times have changed since the good old days? I suppose the boys are beating their swords into plough-shares?

ALKALI ISAAC.—It's worse 'n that, stranger. They're filing their brass-knuckles apart and using them for engagement-rings.

PUTTING HIM IN HIS PLACE.



RAMBLING RUFUS.—Jest my luck! Here comes His Whiskers.



II. "I guess I ain't forgot all me old gymnasium stunts. An' I needs dat pie."



III. FARMER HARDCRABBLE.—Come down from thar! What be ye up ter, anyhow?



IV. RAMBLING RUFUS.—Me grandmother had a old candle-snuffers what worked jest like dat.

HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



"Broadway" Jones.

"**B**ROADWAY" JONES is one of the cleverest comedies that Broadway has seen since "Wallingford." If you liked "Wallingford" you will like this show even better. The people in it are real people, and if you ever lived in a little one-horse town where they had whatnots and "tidies" in the parlor you can't afford to miss that second act. The setting alone is worth the price of admission. No play full of Belasco realism ever came nearer the real thing than that wall-paper!

The George Cohan of "Broadway Jones" is a long way removed from the young man who danced his way through "The Governor's Son" and "Little Johnny Jones" some years back. He showed us what he could do with straight comedy last spring when he

revived "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," and this season he has shown himself to be one of our best light comedians. The cast is good throughout. Russell Pincus as Sam, who is learning the banjo and is misunderstood by every one — so he says — is a bit from real life. George Parsons as Wallace is excellent; so is Ada Gilman, who did good work in the defunct "Room 44." Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Cohan play the Judge and his wife effectively, and Myrtle Tannehill is a charming heroine.

There isn't a dull moment in the show, which should be recommendation enough when you think over some of the stuff labeled "comedy" we have had to sit through this year.

W. E. Hill.

"Why do you torture me so?" he broke out. "Why cannot you let everything be as it was? You know you are only marrying the Count for his position——"

"So silly of you!" she said, softly. "My poor boy, the Count——"

"He is thirty-five years old!"

"Nearly twice as old as some people we know, is he not? And being so, I need not say that his speeches and his brilliant monograph on Lorenzo de Medici have brought him forward as prominently as any young man in public life. In short, any girl might be proud to marry him!"

"O heavens!" the young man groaned. "A young man in public life! This a lover, who woos in essays upon historical characters, and declares his passion in succinct arguments upon municipal taxation! How mistaken I was to think you listened when I compared the light breaking through your windows to the East, and said you were the sun! Instead of wishing myself the glove upon your hand that I might touch your cheek I should have longed to be your multiplication table that I might assist you in making up your accounts. Oh, profanation!"

If it had not been so dark he might have seen her blushing. "I never shall forget how sweet you were to me," she said, "and you need not regret your poetry. But were all those pretty compliments original with you? It may be a cruel kindness, but I will tell you something: The Count—please don't be angry—the Count makes love much better than you do."

"Impossible!" he cried. "Yes, it is impossible, because it is unnatural!"

"Do you think that a man of some thirty-odd years has forgotten how to court a woman?" said the girl, innocently. "Why, he has only begun to learn."

"Then times have changed, indeed!"

"That is perfectly true," she said. "The lover comes in very late in the

Seven Ages nowadays. Why, my poor boy, if I were to marry you now, in five years' time you would think that, instead of the girl of your heart, you had tied yourself to your grandmother or your nurse—aye, nurse, I warrant you."

"Coming, coming!" whispered a wheezy voice, and a dark and bulky form pushed aside the hangings and appeared in the opening on the balcony.

"Saints preserve us! Who is this?" cried the young man.

"Only my old nurse," said the girl, with a laugh. "I suppose she thought I was calling her."

"Were you not, sweetheart? Faith, now, I must fetch you in, for it is growing late. Why, I have been with my young lady ever since——"

"We have heard all about that, nurse," the young lady interrupted. "You must cure yourself of that passion of yours for telling my age now."

"Has—has this person been acting as duenna to us?" asked the young man.

"Yes," said the girl. "She has been sitting in my room every night. You surely do not suppose——"

"Pardon me," said the young man. "I do not presume to suppose any thing. I have received rather a shock. Really, I confess I feel somewhat out of date. Permit me to wish you good-evening!"

"I am sorry I cannot ask you to go comfortably downstairs," said the girl, "but I am afraid everybody has locked up and gone to bed."

"The ladder will suit very well. How soon may I offer my congratulations to the Count?"

"I will write you a little note," said the girl, blushing.

"Thank you. Good-night, Juliet!"

"Good-night, Romeo!"

Thomas Wharton.

The man who always puts his heart in his work often has very little of it left to bring home to his family.

THE HARD LOSERS' CLUB.



THE HARD LOSERS' CLUB of 1912 met with Champ Clark in the chair, Jos. G. Cannon, secretary. After roll-call, "experience" talks, limited to five minutes, were requested.

Abdul Mufti Hazerbad, a delegate from Turkey, gave an interesting recital of the reasons why the Balkan allies won so many victories. Abdul charged the Anti-Cigarette League with furnishing the Balkan sinews of war, in the hope of cutting down the world's supply of Turkish cigarettes. Ex-Lightweight Champion Addison Wolgast then told why he had lost his title, the reasons sounding startlingly like those advanced by Citizen James J. Jeffries at a previous session of the Hard Losers' Club.

Mr. A. Gotham Fan began a lengthy recital of the reasons why the Boston American League team won the world's championship series from the New York Giants, but he did not get more than half through his list of perfectly valid excuses when his time-limit expired.

The honorable secretary gave an interesting talk, in which he laid his defeat at Danville to the influence of the muckraking magazines. He said he intended to have his Waterloo dramatized under the title of "The Sorrows of Your Uncle Joseph" if he could find a playwright who would treat the subject seriously.

Mrs. Anti-Suffragette was called upon to explain why she had been so signally defeated by the Suffragists in four States at the last election. She said that, in her opinion, women did not really want to vote, but walked to the polls merely to demonstrate that it is possible to "exercise in hobble skirts."

Amid great applause the honorable Speaker, after calling Pugilist Wolgast to the chair, told of his harrowing experiences at the Baltimore Convention. When he described how the "Houn' Dawg" song had been turned from a pæan of triumph into a funeral dirge, there was not a dry eye in the house, and Mr. A. Gotham Fan wept so copiously that his desk was flooded with tears, and he called upon the janitor to bring him either a mop or a rain-check.

A Chinese delegate brought a message from little Pu-Yi, former Emperor of China. This was the one bright note of the entire meeting. The ex-emperor declared that, having no cares of state to oppress his youthful mind, he was playing with choo-choo trains and rocking-horses, and was as happy as any normal child should be. Next spring he hoped to learn to play the heaven-sent game of baseball. Loud applause from Mr. A. Gotham Fan.

Representatives from the Standard Oil Company, the Tobacco Trust, and the Harriman railroad lines, told of the awful effects of the court decisions that compelled them to dissolve. Their testimony was



THE CALLER AND HIS CARDS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN DEAR OLD ASSYRIAN TIMES.



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

PETER STUYVESANT RECEIVES HIS NEW AMSTERDAM FRIENDS IN ST. MARK'S CHURCHYARD.

interspersed with so much levity, and their tears were so plainly of the crocodile order that, without discussion, it was voted to exclude them from the Hard Losers' Club, on the ground that they had not lost anything to speak of.

Nephew Diaz explained why he had not been able to reflect much glory on the Diaz name in engineering a revolution in Mexico. General Orozco also made a few remarks in Spanish, to the effect that he was merely luring Madero's forces into a sense of fancied security before administering a final blow to the Government. The word "mañana" was heard frequently in the testimony of both members from Mexico.

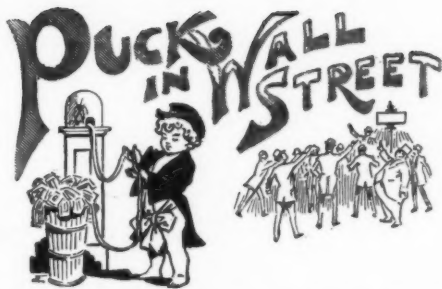
Mr. A. British Athlete told why his countrymen had made such a sorry showing in competition with the Americans in the Olympic Games. His recital was halted by the expiration of the time-limit before he had ended his preliminary remarks. He promised to have his complete list of excuses printed later in the form of a three-decker novel.

Note was made of the absence of the honorable members whose desks were decorated with the emblems of the Bull-Moose and the Elephant. It was explained that these members were as yet too shaken by their recent calamities to put in an appearance, but a messenger-boy arrived with a note from Oyster Bay explaining that the Ananias Club would be kept open for at least another year.

In closing the meeting the honorable Speaker expressed the hope that the year 1913 would see many notable additions to the membership of the club. After singing the doxology the club adjourned and repaired to the Salt River Hotel, where the management had thoughtfully provided a banquet of crow.

Arthur Chapman

A man never quite realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his rooms in the dark.



THE glue-pot is used freely in the editorial department of the average financial magazine. Many of these papers, indeed, run along almost entirely on speeches made at conventions and dinners and on stuff clipped from other publications.

The Retort Discourteous. The man who takes care of the advertising of several of the bond-houses walked into the office of one of these papers the other day and curtly told the advertising-man that he was through with his publication. "Discontinue our ad. at once," he said. "It's run six months and never pulled even an inquiry. Your paper's nothing but a clip sheet, anyway, and I don't believe you've got any circulation."

"We ain't got any circulation?" the business-manager retorted. "Say, Mr. Smith, you keep your ad. running with us and you'll soon wear diamonds."

"Perhaps so," the other replied, "but the wrong kind—judging by the amount of paste you use around here!"

GOING down to the sea in ships used to be so precarious an operation that the Seamen's Savings-Bank has come into possession of millions of dollars of unclaimed deposits.

Why does n't some live one, with an eye to the possibilities of earning more than mere interest, come along and start the Aviators' National?

ONE of the Street's very richest men was recently being interviewed by a woman writer on one of the big dailies. "Mr.——," she asked him in the course of the conversation, "what do you consider the greatest amount that a man down here can make honestly in the course of a lifetime?"

Honesty Defined.

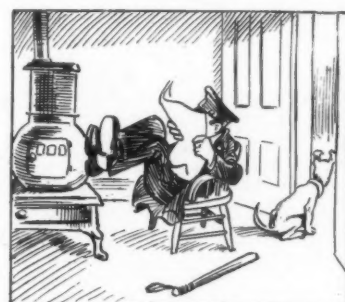
"Your question," the magnate replied, "reminds me of a discussion I once had on that very subject with a friend of mine who died some time ago. 'John,' I said to him one day, 'how much can a man make, now, honestly?' 'Somewhere around six million,' John replied. 'I always wondered why he named that particular amount. I found out when he died, and that was given as the value of his estate.'"

WHEN three or four professional card-players meet in the smoking-room of a steamer, and there's nobody else around who seems to want to take a hand, do they start playing against each other? Not much. They just sit down and wait for some outside money to come along.

That's where they're wiser than the floor-traders on the Exchange. But then the latter, poor devils, have got to have money to run their country-places and their automobiles, and if they can't get it out of the public they've got to get it out of each other.



III. "He's smelled out something, sure!"



I. "Um! More robberies in this precinct! Police negligent! These papers is punk!"



IV. "Don't faint, lady! I'll help youse to the cars."



II. "There ain't no robberies while I'm on th' job! Hello, what's up?"



V. "Holy Mackerel! She got me watch an' all me money!"



VI. "Get off the earth, you mutt!"



THE LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

BOY HUNTER.—Them look to me like bear-tracks, Jimmie!

HIS PARD.—Then we'd b-better be going h-home—I think there's a law agin s-shootin' b-bears at this t-time o' year!

A WHILE ago, when Can Common was up around fifty, there was something in this column about the coming of a time when it would n't be considered fit to tie to a dog's tail. A whole lot of people are feeling that way about it already. But, after all, what is their kick? The common stock was put up because the thirty-three dollars of back dividends on the preferred was going to be paid off. And has n't a beginning been made? Haven't the directors voted a dividend of one-quarter of one per cent. on account of the thirty-three per cent. due? At that rate the whole amount in arrears will be taken care of by 1945. What do the stockholders expect, anyway?

THE POLICE-DOG GETS IN BAD.

"NO WONDER the Government won its suit to make the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific separate," the office wag remarked, looking up from his paper. "It says here that the chief prosecutor was a man named Severance."

Franklin.

ARTFUL EPIGRAMS.

A LOWBROW is a person who has something to say and who says it in a way anybody can understand; a Highbrow is a person with nothing to say who says it so nobody can understand.

A Cubist is a Squarehead with astigmatism.

A Connoisseur is a man who buys my pictures; a Philistine is the man who buys yours.

"Artistic Temperament" is a phrase invented by some artist who did n't know how to behave himself.

It is better to be lionized to-day than to be canonized next century.

CONSCIENCE may make cowards of us all, but it also creates a few philanthropists.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE OPENING OF THE PARCELS POST
Tunnel
Mount Middleman is no longer an Insurmountable



PARCELS POST TUNNEL, JANUARY 1, 1913.

Insurmountable Barrier between Producer and Consumer.



AT THE RISK OF A PANIC.

DAUGHTER.—Father, how do you like my new gown?

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN.—My dear in this one instance I do not hesitate to declare openly for a revision *downward*!

TO BE SUNG TO THE AIR OF "TITWILLOW."

On a sofa at twilight a wee debutante
Held a pillow, a pillow, a pillow.
And I said to her: "Little one, what do you want
With a pillow, a pillow, a pillow?
Is it longing for company makes you adhere
To that bundle of cotton and tapestry queer?"
But she spoke not a word, as she snuggled up near
Her pillow, her pillow, her pillow!

I mused to myself, as she sat there alone:
"D— that pillow, that pillow, that pillow!
Why, I surely should have the respect she has shown
To a pillow, a pillow, a pillow!"
For here was a chance that I never should miss,
With the time, and the place, and the princess like this!
And my heart went ker-thump! when I thought of the bliss
Of the pillow, the pillow, the pillow.

So I cried: "I am sure, as I look at your face
And the pillow, the pillow, the pillow,
That you would n't object if I traded my place
With your pillow, your pillow, your pillow!"
Now, although the fair maiden protested some more,
'T was a dangerous spot for a young bachelor—
But I fought for my rights, and I threw on the floor
Her pillow, her pillow, her pillow!

Kenneth F. H. Underwood.

WE may strive to know ourselves, but no man can find out personally that he is afflicted with the habit of snoring.

THE enthusiast is a man who feels perfectly sure of a good many things that he is mistaken about.

THE NEW YEAR'S CALLER WHO FELL BY THE WAYSIDE.



I.
AFTER THE FIRST CALL.



II.
AFTER THE SECOND CALL.



III.
AFTER THE THIRD CALL.



IV.
FOURTH AND LAST CALL.



THE ONLY WAY OUT.

"I.L. admit," said Mrs. Brown, "that the women and children spend one half of the money, but who spends the other half?"

Brown looked like he had n't the remotest idea who did spend it.

In fact, his whole attitude toward the subject of the inquiry was so vague, so detached, that one would have suspected him of ignorance of the very existence of any

money that was not spent by the women and children. But this vagueness, this putting of her question aside, as it were, did not deter Mrs. Brown. It took more than a mild, husband-like vagueness to deter Mrs. Brown. "That's what I want to know," she repeated; "who spends the other half?"

Brown, feeling that it were foolish to discuss a subject to which he had never given any thought, and which utterly confounded him when he did, sought refuge in the deeper recesses of the lounge, and after removing the gold-embellished band from the perfecto which he took carefully from his pocket, touched a light to its fragrant end and blew forth a cloud of smoke—no doubt hoping thereby to soothe Mrs. Brown's inquisitiveness. Unfortunately, however, it had exactly the opposite effect.

"Suppose that I could afford—*afford*, is what I said," questioned she—"suppose that I could afford to blow through my lips a half-a-dozen times a day fifteen cents' worth of smoke?"

Brown's sub-economical self flopped gently as he affectionately pinched the perfecto reminiscent of the thirty cents it had cost; but quickly putting aside such weakness, he took his higher nature firmly by the slack of its conscience, and said: "This cigar was a present."

"Possibly," assented Mrs. Brown, with just the proper touch of irony in her tones.

"A present—possibly, I say—from the same man who gave you the drink of essence of cloves the fragrance of which still clings to your breath. And whose generosity keeps you supplied with base-ball tickets and race-badges in season, and furnishes the money for a half-dozen fishing-

trips each summer. And, by the same token, he's the identical man, or his brother, or his cousin, or whatever relationship your vivid imagination may invent at the time, who gives you the poker-chips which you occasionally forget to remove from your pockets. I know that man, Mr. Brown; he's a close relation—only three drinks removed from the man who leaves his latchkey in the door of this house more often than is good for the key or the door. He's also pretty close to the man who spends a dollar getting home from the office, and that with

"I don't blame you for closing your eyes"—the voice was now disdainful—"but you can't shut mine. I may not be a charter member of the Wise Little Husbands' Guild, but I can see through their lie-laws if the bluff in them is large enough. And while we are on the subject of household expenses, Mr. Brown, I'd like to call your attention to the fact that a pound of butter costs three cigars; a dozen eggs costs nearly—yes, nearly, I say—as much as two drinks, and the expenses which you incur on your way from the office aggregate the cost of a leg of lamb. And now, if I may trouble you to again open your eyes and look the question full in the face, I'll take that same liberty. What is the answer, Mr. Brown? Admitting that the women and children spend one-half of the money, who is it, I'd like to know, that spends the other half?"

In lieu of a reply there came to the ears of Mrs. Brown a low moan. Brown had slid deeper into the seclusion of the lounge, a deep sigh escaped his lips—he was asleep.

Powell T. Manning.

GOOD CHANCE.

FIRST PROMOTER.—This paper says that Serbia wants a location on the sea-coast.

SECOND PROMOTER.—Fine! Maybe we can unload those Swamp-ton, Long Island, lots of ours onto the dagoes.

A WORLD-OLD PLAINT.

Ug, the cave-woman, looked out upon the wintry landscape and was wroth.

"Now, by the curving claws of the sabre-toothed tiger," she cried, "if my worthless man, Ung, has not failed to bring in a sufficient supply of firewood to last over to-morrow, which is the day we celebrate the killing of the giant mastodon! He shall fill our home cave with his shrieks of repentance this night!"

By calling Ug some such name as Alyce or Mayme, and having her looking out of a flat instead of a cave, and calling upon her neighbors to witness that her husband had failed to order enough coal to last over to-morrow's holiday, it were easy to show how little beyond the cave people we have progressed.



V.
A CLEAN GET-AWAY.

DEACON SKINNER.—Well, our pastor has received a call to a church in Oshkosh, and says he'll go there!

DEACON GRABBER.—Huh! That's what comes o' raising his salary last year. He's saved up enough for railroad tickets!

a car-ticket costing only five cents; and when he finally does get there raises a fuss about household expenses. But don't think I'm fooled by him; not for a minute—not even when he assumes a look of wide-eyed surprise."

Brown closed his eyes.

Now and again we meet a gentleman of the old school who has not quite finished his education.



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THE WRONG MAN.

The reporter who had accompanied the special train to the scene of the wreck hurried down the embankment and found a man who had one arm in a sling, a bandage over one eye, his front teeth gone, and his nose knocked four points to starboard, sitting on a piece of the locomotive, and surveying the horrible ruin all about him.

"Can you give me any particulars about this accident?" asked the reporter, taking out his notebook.

"I have n't heard of any accident, young man," replied the disfigured party stiffly. He was one of the directors of the railroad.—*Fun*.

ANOTHER DOG.

GRIGGS.—Lost money in that stock deal, did you? Say, let me give you a pointer.

BRIGGS.—No you don't. No more pointers for me. What I'm looking for now is a retriever.—*Boston Transcript*.

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NOT SHE.

A youth who was named Somerset
A fair maiden's love sighed to get.
"For thee, dear, I yearn!"
He cried. "Won't you turn
Your name into mine, my sweet pet?"

To this youth who was Somerset named
The maid said, and she could n't be blamed,
"You may yearn and may yearn,
But I'll no Somerset turn,
And to ask me you should be ashamed!"

—*The Sun*.

PUZZLING SOLICITUDE.

"I've been thinking of it ever since I started on my present journey," said the commercial traveler thoughtfully, "and I'm bothered if I can make up my mind just what she was aiming at. You see, some time ago I realized that, traveling about the country as I am, I was taking a good many chances. I decided, therefore, to insure myself.

"So I said to my wife, after I had acted upon the thought: 'I have done something to-day that I should have done when I first started on the road. I have taken out an accident-insurance policy on my life. If I am killed the company pays a thousand pounds. If I am injured, then I get a pound a week.'

"For how long?" she asked.

"As long as I am laid up."

"But it might only be a week."

"Yes."

"And then you would only get a sovereign."

"That is all."

"And if you get killed you get a thousand pounds?"

"You would," I answered patiently.

"Well, the next morning, when I started on my journey, she threw her arms round me and cried:

"Now, John, for heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't get injured!"

—*Exchange*.

A MODERN MARTYR AT THE STAKE.



I.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PREFERS THEM OLD.

A Wood Street business man dropped in upon a Smithfield Street business man.

"I see you don't object to hiring old men?"

"No," said the Smithfield Street man. "Why should I?"

"Some employers seem to think that old men don't do for business these days."

"Why not?"

"Pace too fast, I guess."

"Well, I don't know about that. When they get too old to be interested in canoes, or mandolins, or fancy waistcoats, or horse-races, I find 'em pretty good for work."—*Pittsburgh Post*.



Pure Joy

Life—bubbles—gaiety dance in your glass of it; the fragrance of the soul of the grape fills the bouquet of it; the combination of all these things is in the exquisite flavor of it—

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St. Louis, Mo. 7

THERE'S A REASON.

"He advertises himself as a painless dentist."

"Yes, he knows better than to advertise that he does painless dentistry."—*Houston Post*.

SON.—Why do people say "Dame Gossip"?

FATHER.—Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."—*Le Crabbie*.

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The antiseptic powder for Tired, Tender, Smarting feet,
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A REDEEMING FEATURE

MRS. STYLES.—Your friend's wife evidently was not around when they were giving out good looks.

MR. STYLES.—No, my dear. She was at the other place, where they were giving out money.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



II.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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"The Inspector Is Back of Every Bottle"



III.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that **Abbott's Bitters** be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. **C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.**



IV.

—Meggendorfer Blätter.

THE IMPOLITENESS OF CURIOSITY.

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Bruddah Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well now, pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reticence, "when you preaches a speshul good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show me de same consideration."—*Popular Magazine.*

TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

"The world is my oyster," I said long ago. But, now that my tresses are graying, I no longer fancy I'm all of the show: I see what a small part I'm playing. I trust not appearance, though pleasant it be, Nor let self-complacency blind me. When a girl is apparently smiling at me, I look to see who is behind me.

—Lippincott's.

A PERSONAL QUESTION.

At Denver a few weeks ago, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, a colored woman presented herself at a registration booth with the intention of enrolling and casting her first vote in the ensuing election.

She gave her name, her address, and her age, and then the clerk of registration asked this question:

"What party do you affiliate with?" The woman's eyes popped out.

"Does I have to answer that question?" she demanded.

"That is the law."

"Den you jes' scratch my name off'n dem books," she said. "Ef I got to tell his name I don't want to vote. Why, he ain't got his divorce, yit!" And out she stalked.

SHE'S BARRED.

The girl with the ruby lips we like,
The lass with teeth of pearl,
The maid with the eyes like diamonds,
The cheek-like-coral girl;
The girl with the alabaster brow,
The lass from Emerald Isle.
All these we like, but not the jade
With the sardonyx smile.

—Boston Transcript.



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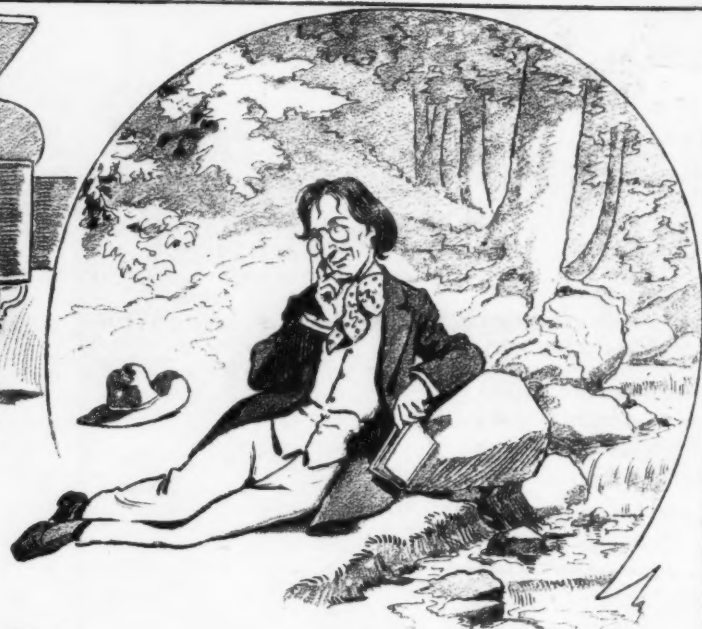
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OPPOSITES.

The dapper little ribbon-clerk gazed
languishingly into the dark eyes of the
handsome brunette waitress.

"Isn't it wonderful," he gurgled,
"how opposites seem to be attracted
to each other?"

"It sure is," agreed the beauty. "I
noticed only to-day that the tallest
man at the lunch-counter ordered
shortcake."—*Lippincott's*.

"Lips that touch liquor shall never
touch mine," said the fair maiden.

"In that case, let me kiss you on
the cheek," replied the intemperate
young chap.—*Chaparral*.

SOCIETY will accept a naked dancer,
but cannot bring itself to accept the
naked truth.—*The Tatler*.

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NOT AVAILABLE.

Mrs. Allen's new servant came to
her the morning after her arrival,
according to *Harper's Magazine*, and
said:

"I'm goin' to lave yez, mum, to-
day. I'll not stay any longer."

"Going to leave!" cried Mrs. Allen,
in amazement. "Why in the world
are you going to leave so soon?"

"Well, mum," said the girl, "when
I came yesterday mornin' you gave me
the keys to yer trunks and drawers
and jewel-cases to kape fer yez."

"Why, yes, so I did," said the
mistress; "that showed that I trusted
you. What is the matter?"

"Well, yer see, mum," said the
servant, "they don't one of 'em fit."

OBVIOUS.

"My husband has deserted me and
I want a warrant," announced the
large lady.

"What reason did he have for
deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you! I
want a warrant. I don't know what
reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason,"
said the official feebly, as he proceeded
to draw up a warrant.—*Exchange*.

AMBIGUOUS.

"Yes, smoking is an expensive
habit. When one gives his friends
cigars all the year round his loss is no
little one."

"Do you mean in cigars or in
friends?"—*Ulk*.

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tween a raw, poorly made Cock-
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SOME FISH.

A gentleman was strolling across a
large estate, when he came upon a man
fishing.

"What sort of fish do you catch
here?" he asked.

"Mostly trout," replied the man.

"How many have you caught?"

"About ten or twelve, sir."

"What is about the heaviest you
have caught?" continued the gentle-
man.

"Well, I don't know the weight,
but the water sank two or three feet
when I pulled it out."—*Exchange*.

SHE.—But will you love me in cold
December as you do in balmy June?

HE.—More, darling!

SHE.—More?

HE.—Sure, there's one more day
in December.—*Felican*.

"JOHNNY, what are you doing?"
"Tryin' to learn the fish in this
here crick what they'll git if they bite
on Sunday."—*Houston Post*.

OUT TO-DAY!

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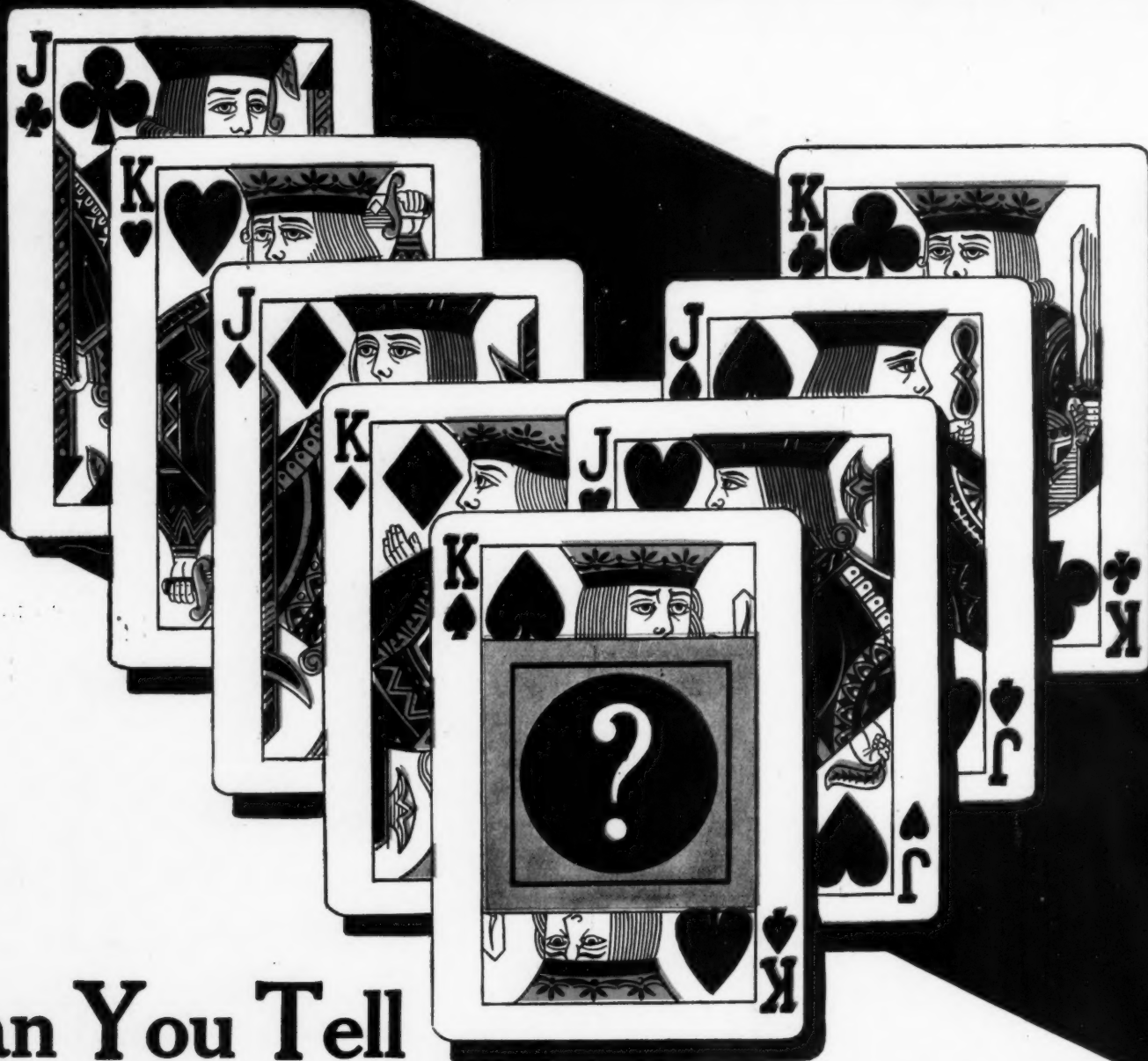
OUT TO-DAY!

LADY (to hotel clerk).—There is
something the matter with the keyhole
in the door of my room; I should like
it attended to.

CLERK.—Yes, madam, I'll look
into it this evening.—*Tiger*.

MEN are divided into three classes:
Lenders, spenders, and the rich.—
The Tatler.

NEW ENGLAND railroads seem to be
Mellen's food.—*Washington Post*.



Can You Tell

the styles of beards worn by the Knaves and Kings of the Whist or Poker Deck — which of them have mustaches — which of them have neither beard nor mustache?

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